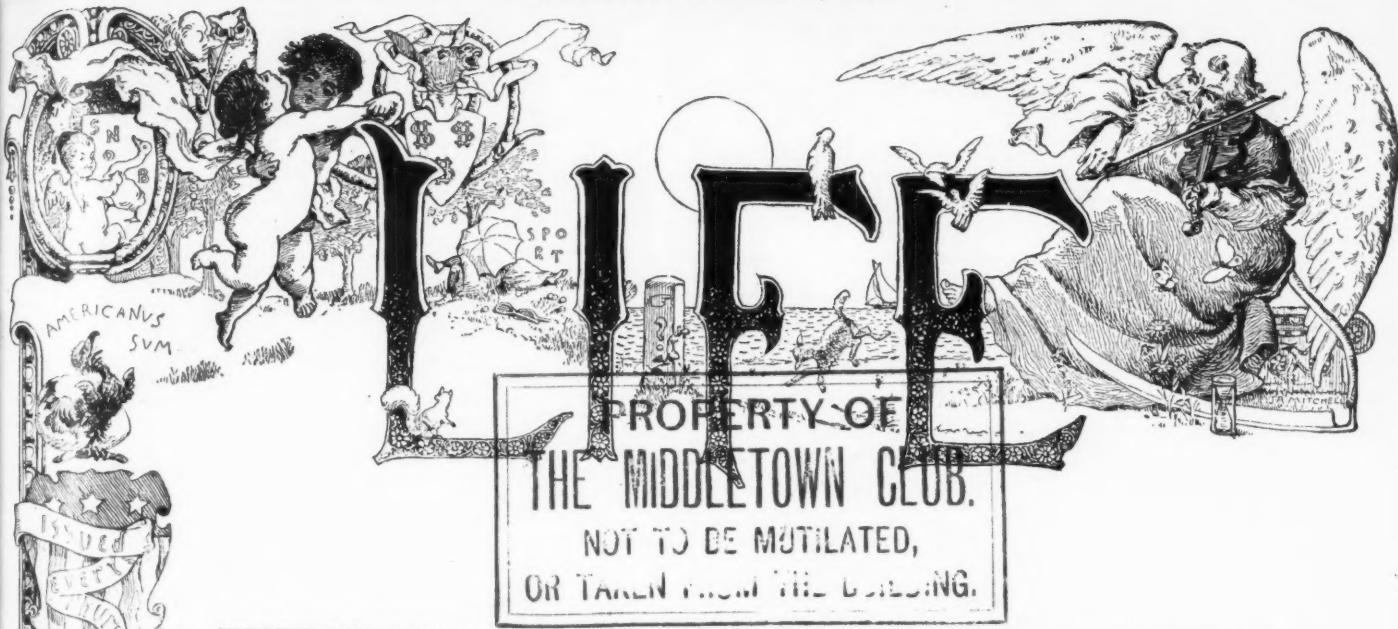


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NUMBER 1074.

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No. 25

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“O LUCKY BEE”

Out June 4, will clinch it.

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and
Roundelay**

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LIFE

Adroit.

THE guests were waiting. Already the organ was playing the processional.

Under the terms of the betrothal, the bride was to pay nine hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, cash. She had counted out a thousand ten-thousand-dollar bills.

"Change, please," she said.

That his Grace the Duke was nettled, everybody could see. It was a painful moment.

But the Archbishop came to the rescue.

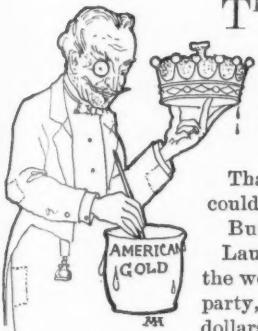
Laughing as if it were all the best joke in the world, he passed the hat among the bridal party, and in a moment collected five thousand dollars, which he pressed into the bride's hand.

Thus the self-respect of neither was sacrificed.

Of course the story leaked out.

"Dear old fellow!" exclaimed everybody, and the Archbishop was more in demand at weddings than ever.

FRENCH used to be the language of diplomats; it has risen to become the language of cooks.



THE SUMMER GIRL

ON TIME.

Some Letters of Introduction.

THIS will introduce my chauffeur, who is leaving me for a little much-needed rest. He is a good man in every respect. While in my employ, he ran over two or three ordinary people every day and smashed no end of vehicles of every description. But such was his devotion to my best interests that he almost always escaped unrecognized. He is absolutely reckless in his profession, and any wealthy man wishing to have some good sport will find him invaluable.

A. Slasher.

I can cordially recommend the bearer as a competent cook and fine laundress. She is willing and obliging, and perfect in any way. She was in my employ from four o'clock Saturday afternoon to eight o'clock Sunday morning.

Mrs. Potts.

WHAT A VERY SMALL THING FRIGHTENS OUR G. O. P.



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York

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XLI. MAY 28, 1903. NO. 1074.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THESE are lively days in the State of Pennsylvania. Governor Pennypacker has signed a new libel law, designed to restrain the newspapers from unfavorable criticism, by printed word or picture, of the powers that govern the State. The Governor himself has been caricatured in cartoons, and Quay and the members of his machine have been contumeliously dealt with these many moons by the opposition papers. They have not liked it. The Governor is a sensitive man and thinks well of himself, and to be derisively portrayed by the irreverent cartoonists has galled him sorely. Hence the new law, which commands newspapers to publish in every issue the names of their responsible owners and makers, and provides for the recovery of punitive damages for feelings injured by newspaper attentions.

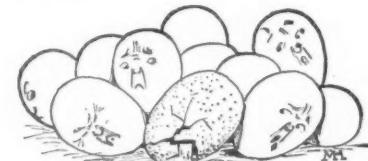
It is such a law as the ruling politicians in Pennsylvania might have been expected to want. They are a particularly vulnerable gang of misde-meanants, who have brought singularly low the reputation of a great State. A cloak of prescribed silence would be most serviceable to them, and such a cloak the new gag law was designed to supply. But all the Pennsylvania

papers flout and deride it, either ignoring its provisions, or ridiculing them, and looking to the State constitution, the courts and the ballot-box for their protection.

There is no State where plain speech and speaking pictures are more needed than in Pennsylvania. The new law is undoubtedly a blunder, which will react forcibly upon its makers, thereby making in the end for the promotion of good government. Meanwhile, a merry war is on, which is a joy to spectators.



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD is dead: a sturdy man and a real poet. It takes a good deal of sound timber to make a real poet, and there was plenty of it in Mr. Stoddard. He was not only a real poet, but for nearly seventy years he was a citizen of New York, and nearly all of that time he had to earn his living. One does not readily live on poetry in New York, even if the poetry is good. For twenty years or so Mr. Stoddard was an office-holder in a modest way, and for thirty years more an industrious critic and newspaper-writer. He lived to suffer much from the infirmities of age, and from sundry sad bereavements, but he was always honored as a poet, a writer and a man, and never lacked friends or consideration. He belonged to the group of writers here, of which Bayard Taylor, Leland and O'Brien were shining lights, and he had a hand in *Vanity Fair*. Peace to his venerable ashes. Poet though he was, workaday New York proved a good home to him, and honored him in life and mourns him dead.



A HORRIBLE massacre of Jews in Kisheneff, Bessarabia, South-western Russia, has horrified the world, and especially the city of New York, where there is a large Jewish population. About a thousand Jews were set upon, many were killed, houses

were plundered and burned, women were outraged, children slaughtered, and all, apparently, without interposition or objection from the police or authorities. After all, one would rather be a non-union horseshoer in New York, or a non-union miner in Pennsylvania, than a Jew in Bessarabia. A strange, vast, uncertain quantity is Russia in the sum total of the forces of civilization. She works marvels of progress with one hand and desolating crimes with the other. She is destroying the liberties of the Finns, persecuting Jews, restraining the Sultan, threatening China, standing off her critics, and carrying out a wonderful plan of material development in Northern Asia. Her diplomacy is devious and sly; her religion is overloaded with superstition; her government is a combination of despoticisms. A great country, a great people, a great power of the present and of the future, but a power at present the hardest to weigh and whose development is the hardest to forecast.



THIS is gala week in New York. Two hundred and fifty years ago Governor Stuyvesant granted the privileges of city government to this town. That is why the flags are to fly all the week, and the newspapers and ministers have recalled our early days, and the school children have been reminded how big and old our town has come to be. If our commemoration had been accurately adjusted to the proper date, it would have come off on the 23d of last February, but May is a cheerfuller month than February, so the Mayor put it off. On the whole, New York is a good and popular town, and a hardy one. It has survived much and has doubtless hard problems in survival before it. It is not yet more than twelve stories high on the average, but it is still growing. What it will be when it gets its growth no prophet ventures to forecast, but at present it is the biggest, and, on the whole, the likeliest, town of its age on the earth, and gives a large measure of satisfaction to its residents.



PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO WAS UNWILLING TO ATTEND A FANCY DRESS BALL UNTIL HE SAW HIMSELF IN COSTUME.



ONE of the most fascinating psychological problems in history is the treason of Benedict Arnold. There is no thinking schoolboy but has pondered it; there is no delving scholar who has solved it. Charles Burr Todd's vivid biographical sketch, *The Real Benedict Arnold*, but deepens the contrast between Arnold the patriot and Arnold the traitor. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.20.)

Roderick Taliaferro is a thrilling story of the last days of Maximilian's Mexican Empire. It is, however, more than this. Mr. George Cram Cook, the author, is not only a skilful piler of Pelion upon Ossa in the matter of adventure, but is a student of character and of the broader questions of faith and nature, and the combination is as entertaining as it is unusual. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Triumph of Count Osterman, by "Graham Hope" (Miss Jessie Hope), is a romance of the Court of Peter the Great. The hero, a German Prime Minister of the great reformer, is forced to marry a young Russian princess, who despises him for his birth, and his triumph is domestic rather than political. The book is a good time-killer. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Veronica, by Martha W. Austin, is not a story which will please many readers of fiction. Even a tragedy of compelling interest is seldom popular, and this is merely

a love story ending in death and disappointment. The author writes gracefully and delicately of things that people would rather forget. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

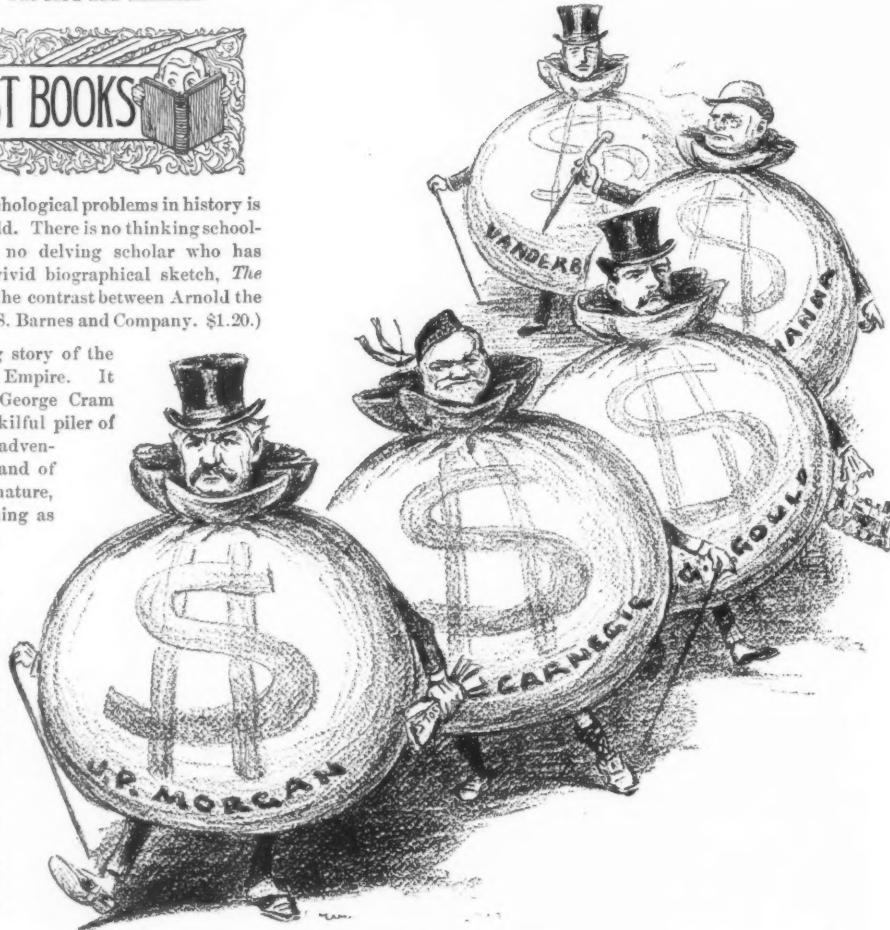
Will N. Harben's new story of Georgian life, *The Substitute*, is as full of good anecdotes and amusing local types as his previous books, while the story itself is more simple and hence more effective. The book is interesting and, as light reading, ranks well up in the Spring list. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

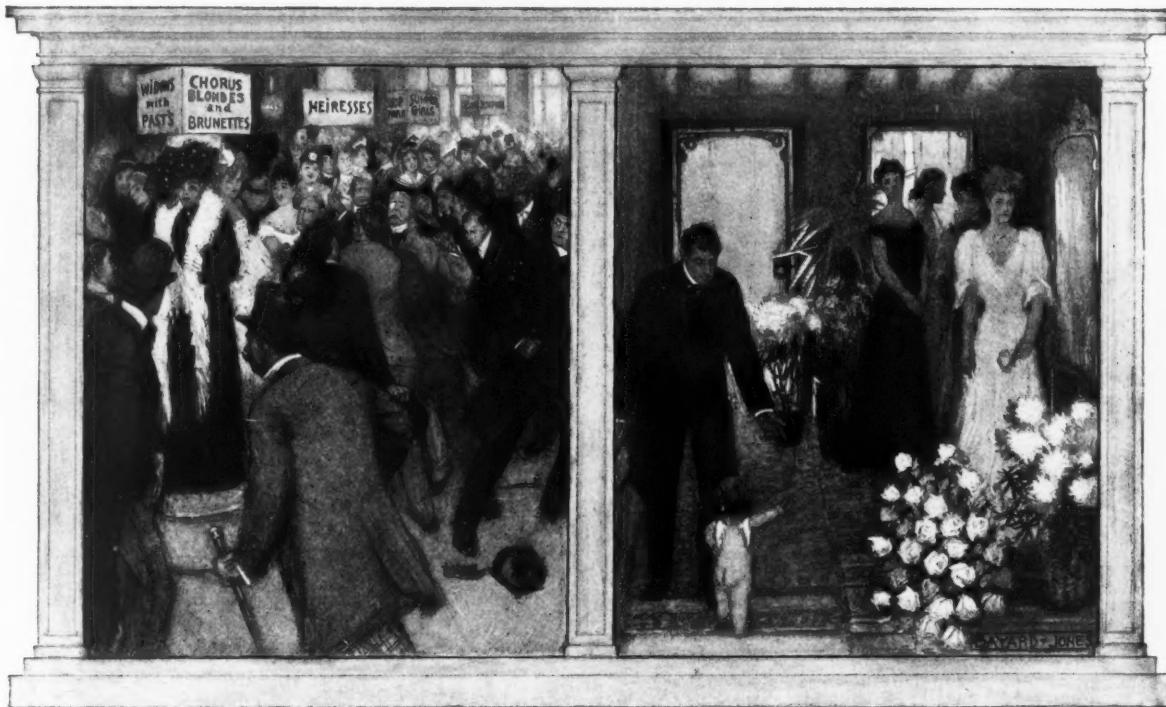
Her Lord and Master is Martha Morton's play done into a novel by Miss Victoria Morton, the author's sister. It is very long and in many places it is very crude, and will prove "no thoroughfare" to the more critical, but will doubtless be declared by a large class of constant readers to be "perfectly lovely." (Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has elaborated the old yarn of the pickpocket, who in securing his victim's purse left a diamond ring behind, into a little story called *A Comedy of Conscience*. It is amusing in a very mild way. (The Century Company. \$1.00.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

LOVE separates when it does not unite.





At the Sign of the Bow and Arrow.

INTO Hymen's store I strolled
On a bargain day;
There were maidens young and old,
Modest, pert and gay,
For the buyer who had gold
Wherewithal to pay.

Débutantes marked "Cheap and New";
Schoolma'ams wreathed in smiles;
"Shopworn" maids of thirty-two;
In the "Remnant Aisles"
Summer girls of sunburnt hue
("Out-of-season Styles.")
Chorus blondes and stage brunettes
("Absolutely fast");
"Real Imported" French grisettes;
Widows (with a past);
Heiresses ("From broken sets—
Half-price, while they last.")

Sporty salesmen shouted "Cash!"
Buyers pushed and swore.
"Bah!" said I, "the stock is trash—
Cheap, but nothing more;
These are bargains for the rash."
So I fled the store.

Then I spied across the street
Cupid's modest sign;
In his little shop were sweet
Maidens superfine.
"I," said Cupid, "don't compete
In the mark-down line."

"You've a choice assortment here."
"That I can't deny."
Cupid answered, "but I fear
You have come to buy,—
All my goods are very dear."
"So they seem," said I.

Cupid did not care to sell—
That was plain to see;
But he showed me blushing Belle,
Modest Marjorie,
Haughty Helen—very swell,
With a pedigree.

Then, by lucky chance, I spied
In the corner's shade,
Dainty Alice, hazel-eyed,
Hiding, half-afraid.
"Cupid, take my gold," I cried,—
"Sell me yonder maid!"

Cupid smiled, and answered, "Nay!
Be not overbold,—
Keep your money while you may;
Since she must be sold,
Love's the price that you shall pay,—
She will spend the gold!"

Frank Roe Batchelder.

The Only Way.

"WHAT shall we do?"
As Mrs. Tipton confronted her husband, her pale and worn face betrayed but too well the evidence of some crisis stupendous in its proportions.

"Listen," she continued, "and you will see the dreadful situation in which we are placed. This evening, as you remember, is the evening of our dinner party. Twelve people have been invited, and it is now

noon. Well, will you believe it, just before you came in the cook announced her intention of leaving us this afternoon. Oh, what shall we do?"

Tipton staggered back at this announcement. "Have you," he asked, partly recovering himself, "offered her every inducement to stay?"

"Everything. All I want her to do is to cook the dinner, and then she can go, but she will not consent."

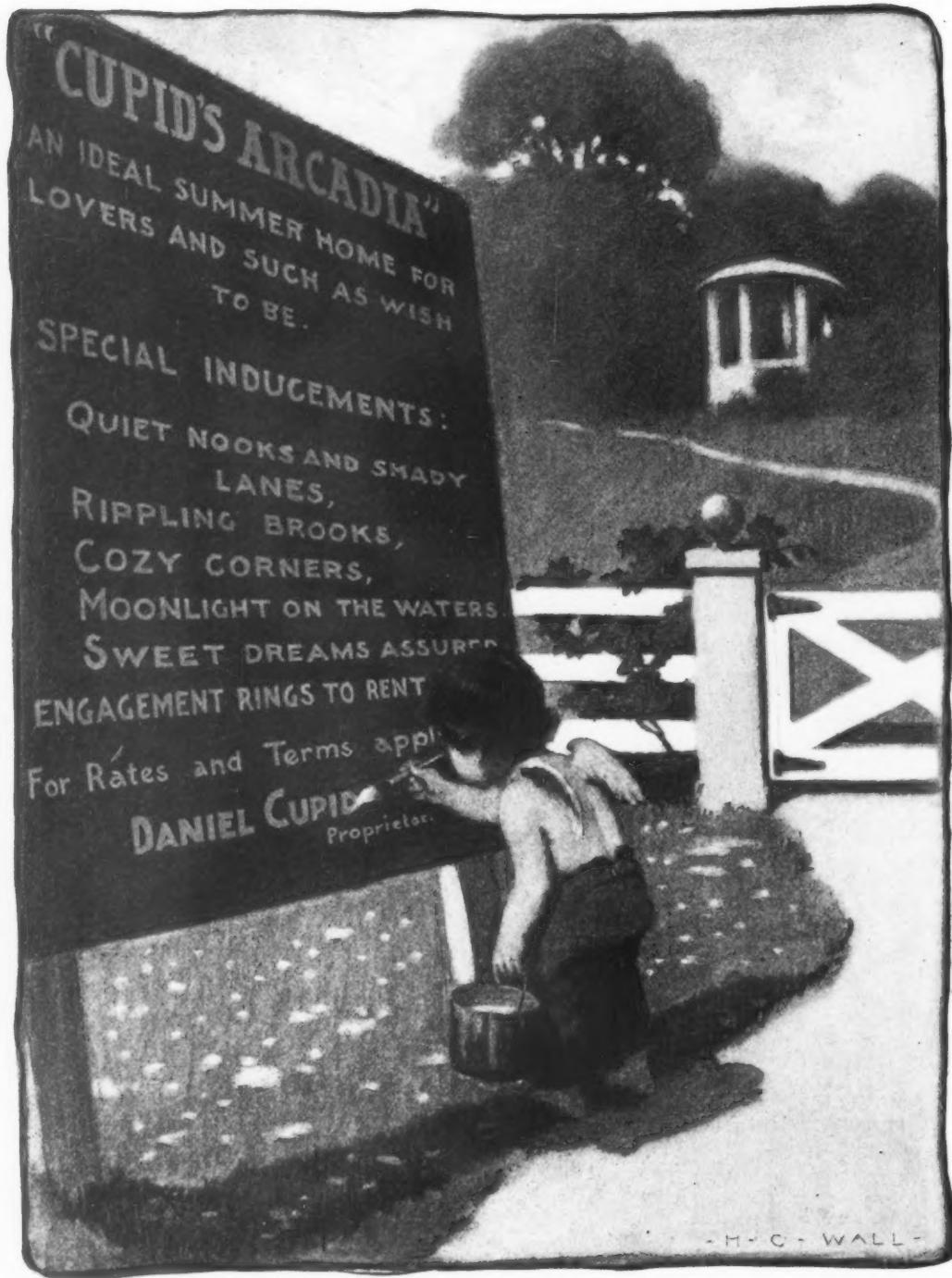
Her husband's face took on a serious aspect.

"There is one thing," he said, "that suggests itself to me. I will try it as a last resort."

He disappeared into the kitchen. It seemed to Mrs. Tipton as if hours had passed since he went away, but at last he came in with a triumphant smile. "She is going to stay," he said, "on one condition."

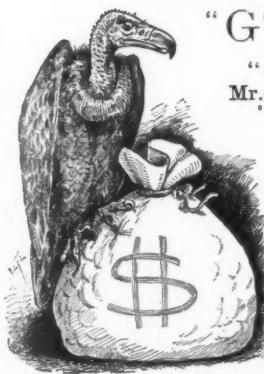
"And what is that?" asked Mrs. Tipton eagerly.

"This," replied Tipton; "that after she has cooked the dinner, she be allowed to preside at the head of the table."



"GETTING READY FOR THE SUMMER TRADE."

Sanctum Talks.



"GOOD MORNING,
LIFE."

"Good morning,
Mr. ——"

"Vreeland, at
your service."

"Why, I didn't
know you were
at anybody's
service, Mr. Vree-
land."

"Perhaps not.
I see by your re-
mark that you
know who I am."

"Well, yes. You are President of
the Metropolitan Street Railway."

"I have that dishonor."

"What! You acknowledge it?"

"Why not? This is confidential. I
do enjoy these little Sanctum Talks,
LIFE, because they relieve one's mind."

"Well, Mr. Vreeland, I am more
than glad to have your confidence, and
to know that you can trust me to keep
your secret. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, I've just come in for a little
rest. I'm nervous, and tired, and—"

"My! Why, you must have been
riding on one of your own cars."

"No, not so bad as that. I'm too
good a financial physician to swallow
my own medicine. But—"

"I know—you've been listening to
complaints."

"Yes—that's it. This beastly public
is so unreasonable."

"Do you really think so?"

"By Jove! LIFE, do you know,
when I made that remark I thought I
was being interviewed. No, I—of
course I don't mean it. The public is
all right. They—"

"They suffer too much without com-
plaining, don't they?"

"They do, indeed. That's where
our profit comes in. Between you and
me, LIFE, I and my old system are a
disgrace to civilization."

"You mean you are a disgrace to the
name. Civilization means one thing,
you know, and the name another."

"Well, I suppose that's so. I read
you occasionally, and I know from this
that a large part of civilization is op-
pression and injustice, while the name
means something so much better. But
say, LIFE."

"Well, Mr. Vreeland?"

"I'm not such a bad man. And,
you know, I really have executive
ability. Why, the directors think I'm
great."

"How do you account for it?"

"Why, because I make money for
them, of course. Those open cars, for
instance."

"Money-makers, are they?"

"Mints! The seats are put close
together so that no self-respecting and
decent woman can stand up without a
deep sense of shame. Then the steps
are so high, that to get on and off is—
well, not a pleasant operation, to say
the least."

"Well, Mr. Vreeland, that is no
news. What are you telling me for?"

"Why, LIFE, just because I want
you to know that I know it. Con-
fession is good for the soul of a
corporation—in strictest confidence."

"Oh, yes, of course. It wouldn't do
to make your passengers more com-
fortable, would it? You might have
larger cars, for instance—say, with
two conductors and—"

"Dear me, no! Why, my dear LIFE,
we need not only to make a good profit

out of the compliant public for our own
cupidity, but we've got to make enough
more, so that rival syndicates in Wall
Street can use us for gambling pur-
poses. And this is expensive."

"I see. And so there's no hope for
the public."

"No. It is the business of every
chaste and upright street railway to
get as much out of them as possible,
regardless of their feelings. And New
York, being a big brother to all the rest
of the cities, must needs set the most
lucrative example."

"I see. But, my dear Vreeland—
some day—"

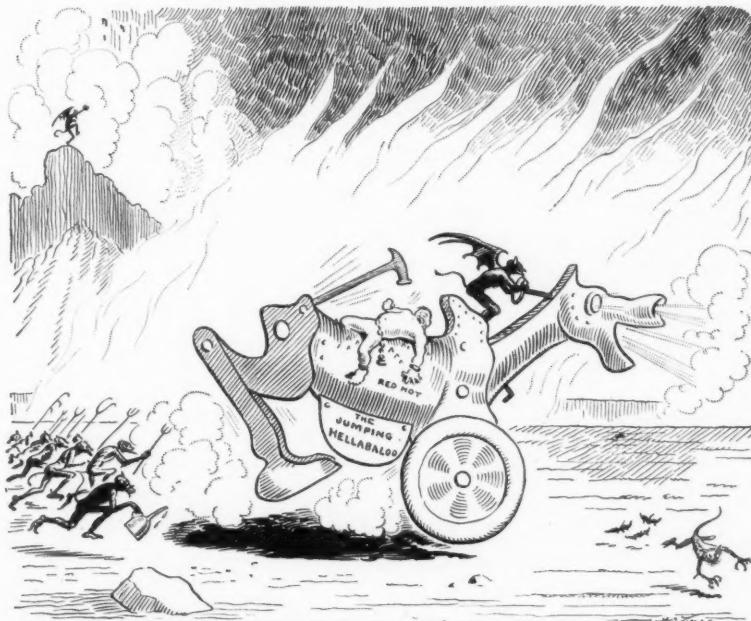
"I know, LIFE, what you would say.
Some day the public may rise on its hind
legs and—and then, stand from under!
That is why we cry reform at proper
intervals just to placate the public and
make them think it isn't our fault.
But really, LIFE, I'm not such a bad
man."

"Of course not, Mr. Vreeland. Why,
just think. You might be—"

"What, LIFE?"

"Twins!! Good-by, Mr. Vreeland.
Step lively. Plenty of room in the front."

"G-g-good-by, LIFE."



SNAP SHOTS IN HADES.

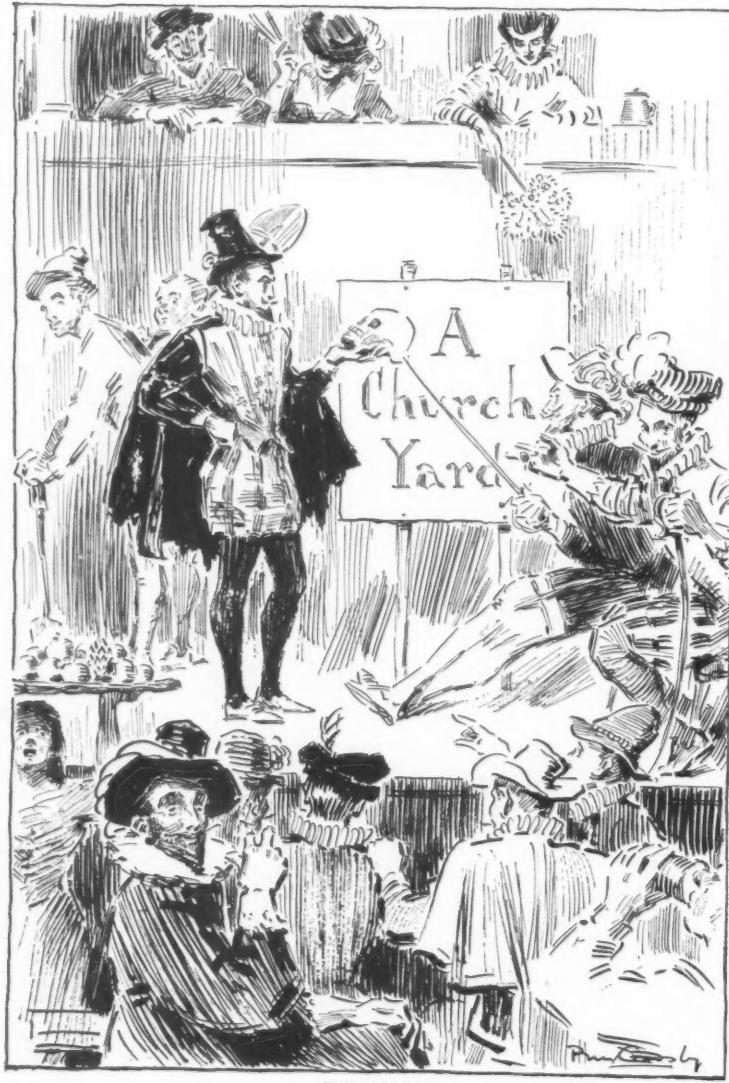
A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF WHAT HAPPENS TO THAT TYPE OF MAN WHO HIRES A HORSE, AND,
BECAUSE IT IS A "HIRED HORSE," DRIVES IT ALMOST TO DEATH.

•LIFE•





ALAS, POOR DE LESSEPS!



TWO STAGES.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME ANE—

Ye Plaintiff of Ye Tuneful Weaver.

A LAY IN THREE FITTES.

FITTE YE FIRST:

Wherein he lies him to his den, and begins to look around him.

I FIRST annex a merry air from "The Mikado,"

Now a vague *soupgon* from "Il Trovatore";A phrase or two of Don José's bravado;—
The plot? Of course I choose the old, o'd story!

FITTE YE SECOND:

Wherein he continues to absorb inspiration from various sources.

The Spinning-Song that haunts the "Flying Dutchman"

Rings in my ears;—'twill help along the score!

The Jewel-Scene from Faust? Aye, just a touch, man;

A memory faint of Carmen's fire;—no more.

YE FINAL, FATAL FITTE:

Wherein he offers his Work to an unfeeling Public.

The gay world flocks to the New Operetta,—
A fair creation, wrought of melodies divine.Alack! they hiss: "Gran Dio! Sacrebleu!"
Ach, *Donnerwetter!*"

They rail at me, as if the fault were mine!

E. W.

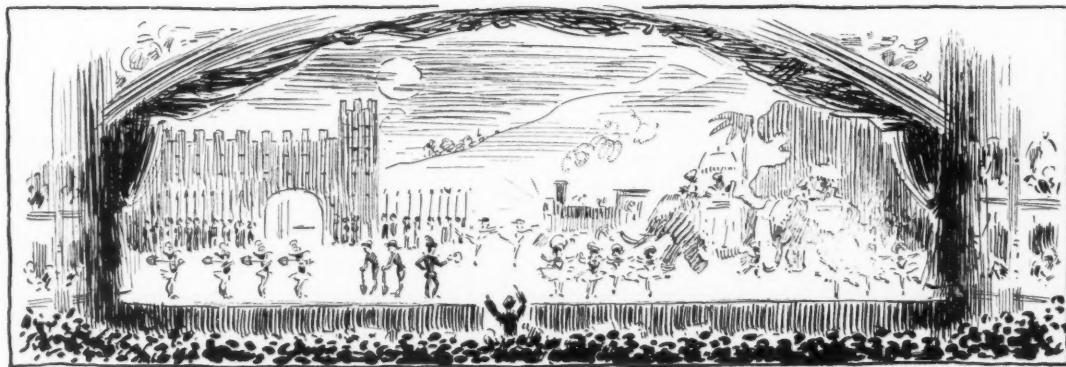


More Musical Comedy and a Bit of the Bard.

A FITTING finish to the season's surfeit of musical comedies is to be found in "The Runaways" at the Casino. No one can deny for a moment that the piece is expensively mounted. Money lavishly expended, especially on gowns, is in evidence at every turn. But even in this particular no originality is shown. Two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gowns on fifteen-dollar girls have long since ceased to be a novelty in musical comedy. "Florodora" started this curious practice, and the example has been frequently followed by managers who seek to imitate the successes of others rather than carve out successes for themselves. But even the low taste of Tenderloin audiences is sometimes offended, and the utter stupidity of this production in its entirety bored the very public to whom it was intended to appeal. In fact, hisses could be heard during a so-called kissing song, in which a vulgar little comedian engaged in a disgusting physical struggle with a group of statuesque and handsomely-gowned young women. Perhaps any but a Tenderloin audience would have hissed him from the stage and lynched the coarse-minded stage-manager who permitted such an exhibition. The tone of the whole piece, however, was so vulgar that no particular instance could be especially conspicuous by contrast.

No jewelled crown of fame is likely to rest on the brow of either Mr. Addison Burkhardt, who failed to write the book of "The Runaways," or of Mr. Raymond Hubbell, who failed to write the score. It doesn't take much to make a musical comedy go in the Tenderloin, but the present experiment of trying to make a success of one with neither libretto nor music does not seem likely to succeed. These deficiencies are heightened by a similar absence of actors and singers. Plot, of course, was not to be expected, so that all there is, in fact, to "The Runaways" is the expenditure of money on gowns, scenes and lights.

The producers of "The Runaways" do not know their business.

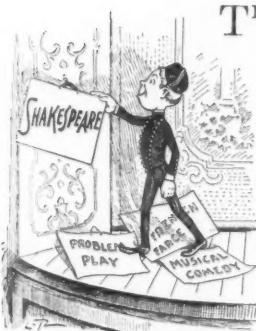


IN THE TIME OF THE THEATRICAL TRUST.

“MISS SIMPLICITY,” in which Mr. Frank Daniels is appearing at the Academy of Music, is also musical comedy. It is not very much in itself, but by comparison with “The Runaways” it is a gem of purest ray serene. It has some pretty airs; its book, by Mr. R. A. Barnet, is fairly clever, and it is free from vulgarity. Mr. Daniels shows a distinct increase of refinement in his methods, and his company, without being remarkable, is a competent one. The stage of the Academy is a large one, and the comparatively small cast and chorus seemed swallowed up in its capacious depths.

If there remains in New York City a single person who is not sick of musical comedy, he will find “Miss Simplicity” not bad of its kind.

THE open-air performance of “As You Like It,” given for charity on the South Field at Columbia University, is worthy of notice not only as the first of the sort given in this immediate vicinity but as an effort which is a sort of specialty with Mr. Ben Greet, the English manager, and his company of actors who have been touring the United States in “Everyman.” Both day and scene were ideal for the purpose. The turf-covered stage, surrounded by old and sturdy trees, might have been a glade from the real Forest of Arden. The strain on the imagination came when the actors in doublet and hose made their



appearance and started to act the story. It must be admitted that the illusion was far from complete. There is a certain frame of mind into which theatre-goers naturally fall when the curtain goes up on an enclosed stage, and the intellect, from force of habit, naturally allows itself to assume that what is going on back of the footlights is to a certain extent true. But here the mental willingness to accept the conventional for the real was considerably more difficult. There may have been hand-organs in the Forest of Arden, but the sounds from one in a nearby street seemed not exactly a fit accompaniment to *Jacques's* delivery of “The Seven Ages of Man,” nor was *Orlando's* wooing of *Rosalind* made more effective by the clang of trolley-gongs. The audience was a large one, and the actors, in their efforts to make themselves heard, were obliged to lose much of the elocutionary effect of the lines. When they were not turned full-face to the front their voices were lost com-

pletely. Edith Wynne Matthison, who played *Rosalind*, was an exception to this statement, for she possesses a voice whose carrying powers are such that it loses none of its sweetness and flexibility even under the strain of making itself heard in the open air. Her performance throughout was a most remarkable one and entitles her to rank with the best *Rosalinds* of our generation. Mr. Robert Loraine, on the other hand, was forced by the circumstances into indistinctness and an anything but agreeable artificiality of tone. Mr. Greet's *Jacques* was a distinct disappointment. He made of the character rather a buffoon than the dignified and melancholy philosopher Shakespeare drew. He might, with advantage, have exchanged places with Mr. Field as *Touchstone*. Mr. Drewitt gave an excellent impersonation of the banished *Duke*, but the remaining cast was not noteworthy, and the singing was very thin indeed.

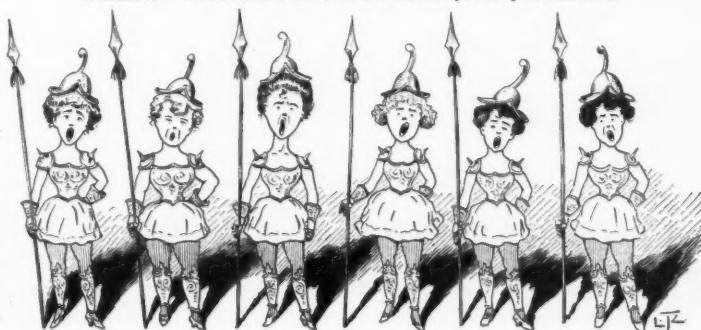
“As You Like It” out of doors makes a series of pretty pictures and is interesting as a dramatic novelty, but the drama itself is really more effective acted within the walls of a theatre and by artificial light.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

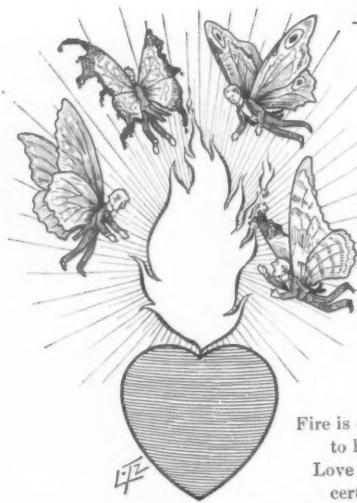
Academy of Music.—Frank Daniels in “Miss Simplicity.” See above.
Belasco.—Last week of “The Darling of the Gods.” Those who have not seen this admirably staged play should not miss this opportunity.

Broadway.—“The Prince of Plisken.” Musical comedy. Well staged and really musical.

Casino.—“The Runaways.” See opposite page.
Daly's.—“My Lady Peggy Goes to Town.” Tenuous melodrama.
Garrick.—Mr. Henry E. Dixey in farce, “Facing the Music.”
Herald Square.—Dan Daly in “John Henry.”
Majestic.—“The Wizard of Oz.” Musical extravaganza. Handsomely staged and amusing.
Manhattan.—“The Earl of Pawtucket.” Clever comedy well acted.
Victoria.—Last week of “The Auctioneer.” Artistic character acting.
Wallack's.—“The Sultan of Sulu.” Musical comedy. Pretty and mirthful.



Cupid's Candle.



ROUND her flaming heart they hover,
Lured by loveliness they go
Moth-like, every man a lover,
Captive to its gleam and glow.

Old and young, the blind and blinking,—
Fascinated, frenzied things,—
How they flutter, never thinking!
What a doom awaits their wings!

It is all the same old story,—
Pleasure hung upon a breath:
Just a chance to taste of glory
Draws a legion down to death.

Fire is dangerous
to handle;
Love is an un-
certain flame;

But the game is worth the candle
When the candle's worth the game!

Felix Carmen.

An Enthusiastic Patron.

A FEW moments before the bus left the hotel at Sand-Hurst-By-the-Sea for the train to the city, one of the departing guests walked up to the proprietor of the hotel and said:

"My dear sir, I want to congratulate you."

The proprietor, a man with a keen eye and long whiskers, showed by his looks that he was not wise.

"On what, sir?" he finally managed to ask.

"On your hotel. For a summer hotel, it's the best one I ever saw. The bed I slept on last night was perfect, and this morning, as the delightful sea breeze wafted itself through my room, I uttered unconsciously a pean of thanks to Providence for a delightful slumber. As for your table, sir, it is superb. Never have I tasted such food. Since I have been here, it has hardly seemed necessary to tip any of your employees, so perfect is your discipline. In a word, sir, this is the most perfect and palatial summer resort that I ever was in."

"You have paid your bill, sir?" remarked the proprietor.

"Surely! Here is the receipt. I

may say that, considering what you give for the money, your rates are the lowest I have ever seen. I don't see how you make a cent."

The proprietor gasped.

"May I ask, sir," he observed, "where you have been living lately?"

"Certainly," replied the enthusiastic stranger. "I have just returned from the dedication ceremonies of the St. Louis Exposition."

Tom Masson.

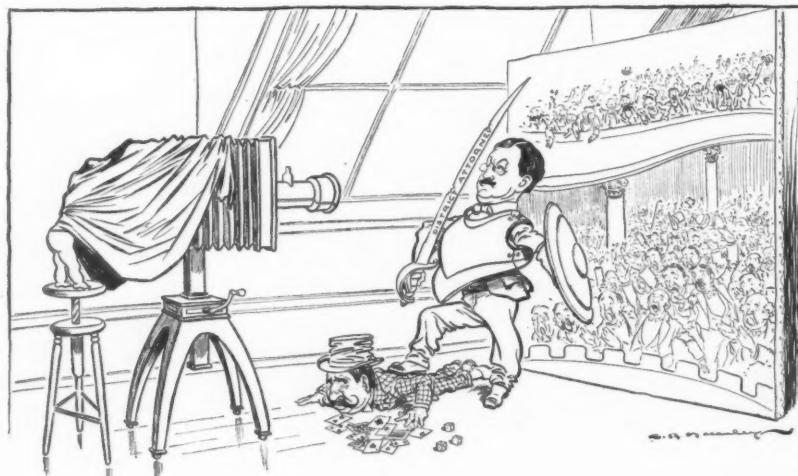
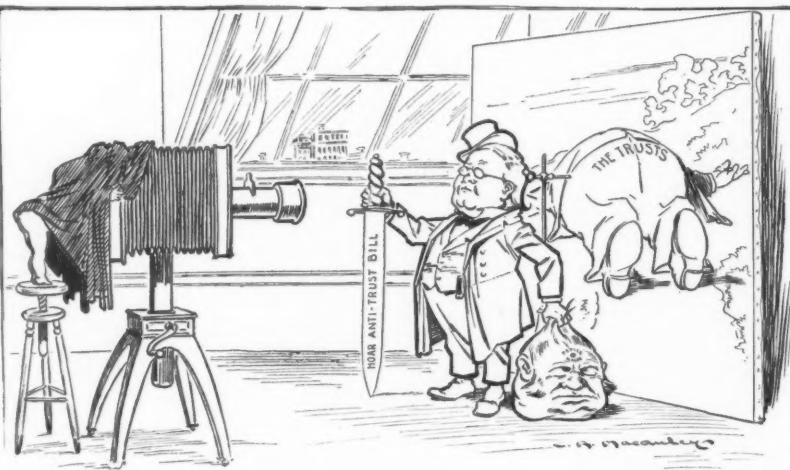
The Czar's Position.

FOSDICK: Russia believes in the open door in Manchuria.

KEEDICK: Yes, she is holding the door open for England to go out.

TO know something about Hades, it is not necessary to depart this life.

LIFE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.





W.BALFOUR KER.

THE MAGICIAN.

LIFE.



"ME AND MY FRIENDS."

(Mr. Baer says that coal will advance in price again. Asked why the price had not been reduced, he said: "Because you and your friends have succeeded in raising wages and getting up the cost of necessities, so that profits are less.")

You and your friends had to come and stick your old proboscises

Into all our business and criticise its processes; Had to come and quiz us on our dealings carboniferous,

Then go saying wicked things in language most vociferous—

Now, see what me and my friends Do to you and your friends.

You and your friends had to go and utter things calorified—

Things about our deals that left me and my friend horrified;

Had to egg our workers on until there was no pleasing them

Other than to make their wages suit them by increasing them—

Now, see what me and my friends Do to you and your friends.

You and your friends spoke of our divine rights disrespectfully,

Treated all our edicts and all our rules neglectfully, Now, it's our turn. Wait until winter time's frigidity;

Prices will be climbing up with intense rapidity.

Then see what me and my friends Do to you and your friends!

—Chicago Tribune.

THE following is taken from a letter written by Charles Dickens, who was traveling in Italy, where he would seem to have been treated in the usual manner, to Lady Blessington, and, as far as we know, it has not been hitherto published:

"Pray say to Count d'Orsay everything that is cordial and loving from me. The traveling purse he gave me has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand in it. I think of hanging it, when I come back to England, on a nail as a trophy, and of gashing the brim, as they do upon the stage: 'You see this notch, boy?' Five hundred francs were laid low on that day for post horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged your father treble the correct amount—and got it. This end, worn into teeth like the rasped edge of an old file, is sacred to the Custom Houses, boy, the passports and the shabby soldiers at town gates who put an open hand and a dirty coat-cuff into the coach

windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy; thy father has nothing else to give!"—London Sporting Times.

A MODEST WISH.

An American traveler recently asked Henry Clay Evans, Consul-General at London, if it was not a relief to him to be out of the Pension Office.

"That was a job to try a man's soul," said Mr. Evans. "It is a pleasure, of course, to see that deserving soldiers get some financial return for their disabilities, but the procession of sharks and political vagabonds to the desk of the Commissioner in Washington is endless.

"I hadn't been in that office long," continued the Consul-General, "before I felt like voicing the profane despair of an old German who had wedded a vixen. With her voluble harangues she made life prolonged misery for him.

"At the end of her diatribes the old German would groan:

"'Vell, I wish I vas in hell, dot's all I hope'."—Saturday Evening Post.

THE extent to which the agricultural portions of the middle West are now supplied with modern conveniences may be inferred from the story which follows: There came a ring at the telephone in a farmhouse in northern Indiana one day last summer, and the farmer himself responded.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Can you furnish me a bass singer for tomorrow night?"

"A bass singer? Why, yes, I reckon so," answered the farmer, laughing. "What do you want one for?"

"Because the one we've had up to now is sick. What would be your terms?"

"Well, I usually furnish 'em by the dozen. I won't charge you anything for one. How do you want him sent?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Who do you think you're talkin' to?"

"Isn't this the Indianapolis opera house?"

"No. This is the Barataria frog farm."—Youth's Companion.

A MINISTER who was called in to comfort the wife of an old Scotch caddie assured her that while John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied, and said to his wife: "Jenny, my woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet."

"Na, na, John!" was the reply; "ye're prepared, and I'm resigned! Dée noo!"—Argonaut.

A NEW application of the rule of proportion between labor and wages is illustrated in a little story told by a representative of the house of Witwark. The leader of a certain band, who was re-

hearsing one of their publications, stopped the music abruptly and frowned at a stout little fellow who was putting all the other musicians out.

"Say, Heerman," he demanded, "What do you mean by playing a lot of half notes where there should be whole notes?"

Heerman lowered his instrument.

"'Vell," he said, "I make explanations by you. You cut down my wages to haf brice, don't you?"

The leader stared in amazement. He had done so, but—

"Und I gontinues to make der nodes wit my instrument, but dey vill be haf nodes until der wages is out back to whole brice. Vat ist fair ist fair, alndt id?"—Baltimore Telegram.

IN a mining town in the mountains of Virginia lived two little chaps aged eight and nine years, neighbors and good friends, who passed most of their leisure time together in boyish sports, but, like all healthy boys, they sometimes "scrapped."

On one of these occasions the younger one, who was built on the lines of the proverbial man who could not stop a pig in an alley, was being twitted by his companion on his bow legs.

He stood it manfully for a while, but finally, losing patience, he blurted out:

"Well, I may be bow-legged, but when the Lord made you He made you as ugly as he could and then hit you in the face."—Lippincott's for May.

THE office boys' union had adjourned from labor to luncheon, when the walking delegate, after examining the union label on a doughnut, asked: "Has youse kids seen de new calendars?"

"Ah, w'at er yer givin' us now? Wese seen a hundred uv 'em."

"Dat's all right; but has yer read 'em?"

A prolonged yell went up at the idea of reading a calendar.

"I tell yer dis year nineteen-t'ree is the bulliest year yet. Yez see dem red figgers wot shows de Sundays and der holledays—dis time dey comes in pairs. Dere's Washington's birthday—dat comes on Sunday, and we got two easy ones a-runnin'. Den deys put five Sundays in March dis year. See? Decarashun day is a Saturday, and we gits two a-runnin'; der Fourt' er July is put down for a Saturday, and we skips de ranch for two days. Labor day is a Monday, makin' two again. Next Christmas comes on Friday, and sure dere's nuthin' doin' for t'ree days, and de same wid New Year."

"Who makes de calendar?"

"Why, de printer, yer mutt. Don't yer see de union label? Dat's what organized labor is doing for us poor workin' men."—Dry Goods Guide.

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Baltimore
Rye

The perfect type of the purest whiskey. Its taste is a treat.

W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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No better Turkish Cigarette
can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

*"Master thinks I'm a dandy
at mixing cocktails."*

CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

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"I can't give you the exact figures, but it's a small fortune."—*Chicago Post*.

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The Overland Limited is a solid through fast train leaving Chicago daily at 8:00 P. M. for San Francisco, less than three days en route, via the Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways. Its superb equipment includes buffet and smoking cars (barber and bath), compartment, observation and dining cars, electric reading lamps in every berth, telephone and Booklovers' library. The best of everything. Two other fast trains leave Chicago 10:00 A. M. and 11:30 P. M. daily.

THE following epitaph was ordered inscribed on her husband's tombstone by a Chicago widow: "Rest until I come."—*Exchange*.

A NEW YORK paper which publishes daily the list of vessels entering New York Harbor from Long Island Sound runs the list under the stereotyped head, "Passed Through Hell Gate." Recently an error occurred and the head was placed over the death notices.—*Buffalo Times*.

EDGEGOOD INN, Greenwich, Conn. The most popular summer resort hotel on the Sound shore for critical New York people. Open May 27th.

JUSTLY INDIGNANT.

The house had been full of aunties come to spend the holidays, and the baby's six-year-old brother was heard one morning confiding his woes to his father:

"Say, papa, do you know I've had to sleep a whole week in a room just full of women?"—*Lippincott's Magazine for May*.

THE average chorus girl is a padded cell.—*Pelican*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric lights. New and most approved plumbing.

"DID you have a pleasant time at Sunday School?" asked Betty's mother.

"No," said the child.

"Why, what was the matter?"

"Jesus wasn't there."

"Yes, dear. He must have been; He is always there."

"He wasn't to-day," insisted Betty, "for the teacher got up and said, 'Jesus is calling to-day,' and then we just sang and came home."—*Harper's Magazine*.

WHEN you go out fishing, a few bottles of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne will relieve the monotony.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR RYAN, at one time a sheriff in his native State, relates how he was at one time ordered to arrest an Indian who had been selling whisky to his red friends on the reservation. After the sheriff had captured "Poor Lo" he gave him a sound lecture on the depravity of his conduct. The Indian listened stolidly to the reprimand and finally asked:

"No way Injun git outer this?"

"No one can help you now but God," was the reply.

Sadly the prisoner shook his head. Then he muttered: "God heep like Uncle Sam; Injun never see Him!"—*New York Times*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Good will to all!
May we never make a sword of
our tongues to wound the reputation
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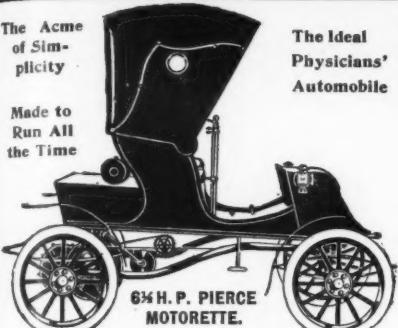
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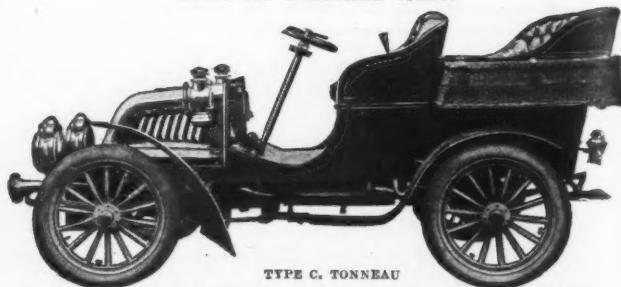
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